

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From *The Congregationalist*.

Along the streets one day with that swift tread  
He walked a living king—then "He is dead,"  
The throng flew from him as a ship, when still  
He walked within our ears, the echoing thrill  
Of his angelic voice we seemed to hear.  
And yet he melted right and clear:  
So near, so clear, men cried: "It cannot be!"  
It was but yesterday he spoke to me:  
But yesterday we saw him move along  
His robes of purple and of white, and strong,  
But yesterday his plan and purpose sped;  
And now he is to-day that he is dead.

A moment thus, half dazed, when met and spoke,  
The throng the sudden note was hushed and broke;  
A moment more, with sad acceptance turned  
To face the bitter truth, the throng was stirred.  
Frenzied, sad, through tears, "How empty seems it  
To-day!"  
And warning cries heard their weapons down.

He had his faults, they said, but they were faults  
Of blood and not of bone—his sharp assaults,  
Flame, a scorching heatless for his quivering bow,  
And headless striking either friend or foe,  
Were laudable, shining far, some good or bad  
To those who saw him.

That, compassed once, should bring God's saving grace  
To purge and purify the human race,  
The measure that he meted out he took,  
And after for blood redden without a look,  
Without a sign of conscious hurt or hate,  
To stir the tangled calumny of his State.

Born on the heights and in the purple bred,  
He came to walk the streets, he was not led,  
He might lift the wretched and defend  
The rights of those who languished for a friend,  
Squaring every wrong, meeting  
The sad cries of wrong and suffering.

It was not strange, perhaps, he thought the right  
Could never live upon the casual being;  
Strong, undrawn, indurated, he was suspected crew  
Against the class whose tyrannies he knew,  
But, bitter and un-purging as his speech,  
He meant alone the evil deeds to reach.

No hate of persons winged his fiery shaft,  
Nor was he hatred by his words assailed,  
And selfish measurements, when human might  
Bore down upon the immaterial right,  
He meant he would deal his blows at power,  
No bitterness that high heart could devour.

How at the last his great heart conquered all,  
We know who watched him a living king and mail;  
O'er life he faced the dead king bowed  
A throng of friends was round him, and those  
He left themselves, and when the world thronged  
A foe.

NOVA PERI

## A POTENT FILTER.

[illegible][illegible]